

'DAILY MIRROR' CALLS UP MORSE CODE 'SPIRIT.'

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 5,072.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1920

One Penny.

## HON. DOROTHY EMMOTT WEDS.



Bride and bridegroom leave after the ceremony.



The bride chats with the youngest bridesmaid.

The Hon. Dorothy Emmott, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Emmott, was married yesterday at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to Captain C. N. Barlow, of Torkington House, Acton.

## STREET FIND COSTS BOY HIS FINGERS.



Mrs. Annie Lazenby.



William Lazenby.

Mrs. Annie Lazenby and her son William, who were injured by the explosion of a cartridge which he had thrown in the fire. There was a loud report, and the boy was struck on the left hand, whilst his mother received injuries to her forehead and right wrist. At the inquiry William had his thumb and first finger amputated.

## UP-TO-DATE SPIRIT.



Dorothy White (small portrait) is a young girl who has been singled out as a medium for his communications with this world by a genial "spirit" who uses the Morse code. Yesterday he carried on a delightfully colloquial conversation in the hearing of a group of investigators, who are seen on the threshold of Dorothy's bedroom.—(For story see news pages.)

## ENERGETIC CAMPAIGN AT PAISLEY.



Mr. H. H. Asquith acknowledges the greetings of the mill girls at Paisley, where he is making a vigorous effort to re-enter Parliament. Liberalism "pure and simple" is the main plank of his election campaign, in which his daughter Lady Bonham-Carter, is rendering valuable assistance.

## IN THE NEWS



P.-G. Grishby, B. Division, who was attacked by a gang of nine men when trying to effect an arrest and suffered a severe injury.



Mr. George Hankins, M.M., who loses a head-mastership as war service cut short his period of probation.

## MORSE CODE SPOOK SEES "DAILY MIRROR."

Amazing Dot and Dash Talk in Country Cottage.

### "A LOVER OF MUSIC."

Spirit's Mad Dance to "Swanee River"—Land Girl Medium.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HERTFORD, Thursday.

Hammerlike blows, muffled but distinct, came from the lath and plaster partition wall of a simply-furnished bedroom in a wayside cottage in the heart of Hertfordshire.

N-o-t a-f-f, spelled out a young girl of pallid countenance and lustrous eyes, who lay, a rigid figure, on a single bed several feet away from the wall from which the mysterious rappings, corresponding to the Morse code, proceeded. On the threshold, the girl's father, mother and brother, and a number of visitors bent on investigating the weird phenomena which have set the whole countryside agog with excitement and speculation.

Dorothy White, who assists her parents in the management of a poultry farm at Brickendon, has suddenly risen to fame as a spirit medium. Recently, hearing a flutter in the chicken house, she ran out, she says, and saw a spirit form vanish through one of the windows of the cottage.

### "MORTALS ARE FOOLS."

Investigators Make Close Search in Mystery Bedroom.

The visitors, among whom was *The Daily Mirror* representative, before Dorothy retired for the night made a thorough examination of the room, in a vain effort to discover any suggestion of trickery. Then the company retired to their posts, and scarcely were they settled before loud rappings were heard.

"He wants Mr. Wren," called out Dorothy, Counsellor Wren, of Hertford, is a particular favourite with the "spook," and, advancing a little way into the room, carried on an animated conversation with "him."

Then *The Daily Mirror* had a try. "Where did you learn the Morse code?" was asked. "Um tidily um tum, tum tum," came the rapid reply.

"Will you send a message to mortals through *The Daily Mirror*?" "Tell them they are fools." "Is Dorothy your only medium?" "Yes." "Do you object to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle coming to talk with you?" "No." "He says he thinks he could persuade you to go away." "He cannot." (Very loud.)

### BAFFLED BY WATCH.

Ghost Sees Counsellor, But Cannot Tell What He Has in His Hand.

Other questions of a more complex character either angered or perplexed the spirit who catered them by ringing off. "He," was obviously baffled, too, by Mr. Seales, another Hertford counsellor.

"Can you see me?" inquired the counsellor, standing behind the bedroom door. "Yes." "What have I got in my hand?"—"A pencil" (sic).

"But I have something else." An impatient ring-off followed. The counsellor had his watch in the palm of his right hand.

"Perhaps our friend would like to give us a dance before you go," it was suggested.

"Oh, please ask him," exclaimed Mrs. White. "I'm sure he would," he's fond of music."

The "spook" being willing, one of the investigators strung out the strains of "Swanee River" on a mandoline. Immediately there came the sound of heavy hammering in rhythm with the music.

Faster and faster went the tune; faster and faster clattered the "feet" of the mysterious dancer, and the mad jig went on until both player and "spook" stopped exhausted.

### HAIR THIEF AT WORK.

Young Dover Girl Finds Locks Cut Off Without Her Knowledge.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DOVER, Thursday.

Whilst going home last night a young Dover girl named Wemborn was asked a direction by a soldier.

Shortly afterwards she found that a quantity of her hair, which she wore loose, had been cut off.

### 150 CATTLE AND SHEEP DESTROYED.

The destruction of fifty cattle and 150 sheep has been ordered by the Board of Agriculture as a result of an outbreak of foot and mouth disease in Tor Dean and Buckfastleigh, South Devon.

## "HIRED PARTNER."

Girl Who Paid £1 for Each Dance Attended.

### MISSING RINGS CHARGE.

How a young woman hired a dance partner was told at West London Police Court yesterday.

Cecil Ernest Oddy, twenty-nine, a dancing instructor, giving an address at the Premier Hotel, Russell-square, was remanded, charged with stealing two diamond rings, one valued at £550, and the other at £175, belonging to Miss Ellen Rossel, of Weymouth-street, W.

Mr. Morley, who prosecuted at the Portman Rooms dances, which Miss Rossel attended. He left there and suggested that he should accompany her to dances. She agreed, and on December 13 they went to the Palais de Danse, Hammerhead, accompanied by a woman friend of Miss Rossel.

Oddy asked Miss Rossel to lend him her single diamond ring "to swank with," and she did so. After the dance they went to an hotel for supper, and were joined by two other instructors. Comment was made on Miss Rossel's other ring, and she took it off and handed it round. Eventually Oddy put that ring also on his finger.

She asked him to settle the bill while she and her friend fetched their cloaks, and when she returned he had disappeared.

Miss Rossel, who was dressed in furs, said that she paid Oddy 20s. to 25s. for each dance he accompanied her to.

### H.P. AND C.W.T.

New Motor Taxes Based on Power, Weight and Seating Capacity.

Horse-power, weight and seating capacity are to be the basis on which motor-vehicles are to be taxed in supersession of the petrol tax, says *Modern Transport*.

Motor-cycles, scooters or other motor-assisted cycles of under 200 lb. will pay £1 10s.; if over 200 lb., £3 10s. for drive trailer or side-car, £4, £10, £15, £20, £25, £30, £35, £40, £45, £50, £55, £60, £65, £70, £75, £80, £85, £90, £95, £100, £105, £110, £115, £120, £125, £130, £135, £140, £145, £150, £155, £160, £165, £170, £175, £180, £185, £190, £195, £200, £205, £210, £215, £220, £225, £230, £235, £240, £245, £250, £255, £260, £265, £270, £275, £280, £285, £290, £295, £300, £305, £310, £315, £320, £325, £330, £335, £340, £345, £350, £355, £360, £365, £370, £375, £380, £385, £390, £395, £400, £405, £410, £415, £420, £425, £430, £435, £440, £445, £450, £455, £460, £465, £470, £475, £480, £485, £490, £495, £500, £505, £510, £515, £520, £525, £530, £535, £540, £545, £550, £555, £560, £565, £570, £575, £580, £585, £590, £595, £600, £605, £610, £615, £620, £625, £630, £635, £640, £645, £650, £655, £660, £665, £670, £675, £680, £685, £690, £695, £700, £705, £710, £715, £720, £725, £730, 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# CRIME WAVE QUESTIONS WHEN COMMONS MEET.

**Sir Nevil Macready's Visit to Downing Street Yesterday—Demand for Inquiry?**

## "DROP PHYSIQUE TEST"—BRAINS WANTED.

The Daily Mirror Special Commissioner urges in regard to the crime wave that (1) out-of-date methods should be scrapped, (2) the best brains should be attracted to the detective force, and (3) that the most modern mechanical facilities for rapid travelling by detectives should be used.

Sir Nevil Macready, the police chief, visited No. 10, Downing-street yesterday, and it is understood that when the Commons meet a demand will be made for an inquiry into the serious growth of crime.

## 'PLANES FOR POLICE AND "CRIME DOGS."

**Three Recent Murders That Are Baffling the C.I.D.**

### "OUT OF DATE METHODS."

By Our Special Commissioner.

The suggestion which I put forward in The Daily Mirror yesterday that the detective system of the country requires overhauling and bringing up to date reflects the growing state of public opinion.

There is an uneasy feeling in the public mind that all is not well with the existing machinery for detecting crime and for bringing criminals to book.

Undiscovered crime is growing to an alarming extent.

Three mysterious murders have occurred within the last three weeks, and not only are the murderers still at large, but, so far as I can gather, the Criminal Investigation Department—or to call it by its familiar name, "Scotland Yard"—practically admit that they have discovered little or nothing to help them to track down the assassins.

There can only be one deduction from the fact that men can commit murder and defy detection—that the master criminal is beating the men whose duty it is to checkmate his evil ways, and that our detective system as it exists to-day is to a great extent out of date both as regards methods and machinery.

### POLICE CHIEF AT NO. 10.

Questions in Commons Concerning Serious Growth of Crime.

I notice that Sir Nevil Macready, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, paid a visit yesterday to Mr. Lloyd George at No. 10, Downing-street. One need not hazard a guess as to the reason for the call, for when Parliament reassembles the week after next the serious growth of crime—and particularly undiscovered crime—will form the subject of a considerable number of questions.

The Home Office, it should be pointed out, is responsible for the efficiency of the police forces of the country, and I understand that it is not unlikely that the Government will be asked to set up some form of inquiry to consider the detective system of this country and the possibility of increasing its efficiency.

As I pointed out yesterday, in none of the three murders which have so far baffled solution did the detectives call in the aid of bloodhounds. This seems to be a most serious omission, and one which calls for explanation.

Does it mean that Scotland Yard is without the services of dogs that can be used in detecting crime?

Aeroplane, too, might be usefully employed at times to transport detectives rapidly from one point to another; in the Cornish case, for instance, valuable time might have been saved had the detectives gone by air.

### BEST BRAINS WANTED.

Remove Physical Bar to Entry Into Detective Service.

Public safety demands that everything that education or science can do to discover the perpetrators of crime shall be called into requisition.

The detective must beat the criminal, and he can only do so if he is well educated and skilfully trained and assisted by all the latest scientific devices and appliances.

The best brains must be attracted to the detective force by raising its status and by offering professional pay for professional skill.

I think that in any reorganisation of our detective system we may learn much that is useful from the methods adopted by the police in other countries. About these methods I may have more to say another time.

The fact, too, that a man is only 5ft. in height and with a limited chest measurement should also not be a bar to his entering the detective service. It is brains that we require in a de-

tective more than physique, and the man who possesses the necessary acumen and skill for bringing home a crime to the evil-doer is more valuable than standardised unskilfulness.

**Police men and "Tips."**—After inspecting the Northampton Borough Police yesterday, Sir Leonard Dunning, H.M. Inspector of Police, said there was a desire on the part of the police to occupy a higher social status.

In the minds of a great many of the force was associated with the word "tips," and if the men would disassociate the word "police" from the word "tips," their social status would rise. It was because of this that the word "tips" had been the word of the police for several years.

disassociation that the police forces of several Continental countries occupied a higher position in the estimation of the public than did the force of this country.

**Crime Snapshots.**—Police-Constable Crisby, of D Division, while attempting to arrest a man in Sydney-place, Chelsea, was attacked and badly mauled by a gang of nine other men, who escaped.

**New "Hold Up" Ruse.**—A stranger, representing himself as a collector, entered a house at Seaton Carew (West Hartlepool), when Robert H. Tate (19) was alone, and produced a revolver, saying: "If you move I'll shoot." Tate tackled the man, but was hit on the head by the revolver and lay in an unconscious condition for two hours, when he was discovered by his mother. The intruder got clear away.

**Street Peril.**—As I was leaving a place of amusement in the West End of London the other day (writes a correspondent to The Daily Mirror) I noticed a youth wedged against a wall by three "toughs," and heard him say, "I don't know what you are talking about; I have never seen you before." I gave a policeman a nod, and he tried to push his way through the crowd to the youth, and then the "hold up" trio vanished.

### LAMBETH WON'T PAY.

**£50,834 Police Rate Held Back As Protest Against Police Dismissals.**

Lambeth Council at their meeting last night, on an amendment by the Labour Party, referred back the payment of the precept for £50,834 in respect of the Metropolitan Police rate due on February 9, as a protest against the action of the Home Secretary in refusing to reinstate the men who were discharged in consequence of participation in the police strike.

On Wednesday a deputation of London mayors waited on the Home Secretary and several mayors threatened to withhold payment of the police rate if the police strikers were not reinstated.

### TO FIGHT THE "KILL-JOYS."

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Thursday. The sporting electors here have been advised by the National Workmen's Council to vote for Sir Walter de Frece, who states that he has no sympathy with kill-joys and will defend legitimate pastimes from interference by cranks. Sir Walter has received a message from Mr. Bonar Law expressing confidence that he will be returned by a large majority.

Polling takes place on Saturday and the counting on February 13. There are 600 absent soldier voters.

### SANDBAGS SAVE POLICE.

A good supply of sandbags saved the police in an attack on the police station at Ardmore, Co. Waterford, yesterday.

The attack was made on three sides of the building and firing lasted from three till five o'clock, while all telephone wires were cut and trees thrown across the roads.

Only one person was injured, but the building was found to be damaged.

## MR. ASQUITH'S WARNING ON NATIONALISATION.

**Paisley Speech: "Enthroning the Rule of Bureaucracy."**

### 3-CORNERED FIGHT.

**Candidates.**—Mr. J. A. D. MacKean (Co.U.), Mr. H. H. Asquith (L.), Mr. J. M. Biggar (Lab.). Polling.—February 12.

Mr. Asquith, speaking last night at Paisley, said he favoured the setting up in each mining area of a joint board or mining council, consisting of employers, managers and miners, to supervise the control of the industry of that area.

He was, however, against the nationalisation of all that industry. That would sap the free flowing life blood of British industry, enthrone a rule of bureaucracy which would tend to stereotype processes, stand in the way of inventions, arrest mechanical and managerial improvements, and not only paralyse industrial initiative, but soon impoverish the community.

"I can give a very plain answer on the question of nationalisation of all industry," he said. "My answer is in the negative." He advised the country not to be caught napping on this question.

Asked if he would support an amendment to the divorce laws, so that incompatibility of temper and justly a dissolution of marriage, Mr. Asquith replied in the negative, amidst laughter.

Lady Astor has been asked to speak for Mr. MacKean, the Coalitionist candidate for Paisley; Sir John Simon will speak for Mr. Asquith, and Countess Warwick for the Labour candidate.

As Mr. Paul refuses to contest the seat on behalf of the Socialists, there will be only three nominations to be made on Tuesday.

## £50,000,000 COAL SURPLUS.

**Miners' Estimate of Mine Profits—National Strike Talk.**

Mr. Smillie made some interesting statements concerning the interview with the Premier, when presiding over the miners' delegate meeting in London yesterday.

The executive had put it to the Premier that they believed that on the year now running up till July there would be a surplus—after paying the profits of the mine-owners, etc.—of between £50,000,000 and £60,000,000.

They believed that that sum should be used to reduce the cost of living.

The Premier had said that he was advised that the mining wage was long way out in the figures. He hoped to give them the accountant's figures by next Thursday.

A resolution agreeing to wait until the Premier had received his figures was carried unanimously.

Mr. Frank Hodges, in recommending an increase of contributions by members, stated that in the struggle for nationalisation of mines they might be involved in a national strike.

## EXCHANGES PUZZLE.

**Chancellor of Exchequer to Meet Leading Financiers—The Cost of Living.**

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will confer with some of the foremost financiers to consider the advisability of calling an international conference on the subject of foreign exchanges.

"It is probable that an international conference will be arranged," it was stated last night by a Treasury official, "but it is considered unlikely that any immediate improvement in the rates of exchanges can result. One step that might be taken would be the granting of credit to other European countries."

Mr. Reginald McKenna, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, presiding yesterday at the annual meeting of the London City and Midland Bank, expressed the opinion that prices would remain permanently on a far higher level than in 1914.

German marks are rising. A few days ago they were 320 or 330 to the £; yesterday they closed 220-225, after touching 200.

## FISH DECONTROL SOON?

Will fish be decontrolled? This question is to be discussed at an important meeting on Tuesday between the Food Ministry and representative trawler owners, fishermen, wholesalers, fishmongers and fried fish merchants.

To the Daily Mirror yesterday the Food Ministry stated that the control was a temporary measure, which might be removed if, as a result of Tuesday's meeting, a responsible Fish Trade Body were set up as a guarantee against excessive prices in the future.

"The Reds" are trying to bring about a revo-

## CHILD WHO 'MOTHERS' FAMILY OF SEVEN.

**Woman's Pitiful Story of Poverty and Illness.**

### 11-YEAR-OLD HEROINE.

**Rooms Kept Scrupulously Clean and Cooking Done After School.**

The heroism of a little girl "mother," only eleven years of age, who, when she comes home from school, does all the housework and the cooking for a family of eight, was mentioned in the Southwark County Court yesterday, when Eliza Tredgett, of Quinn's-square Buildings, Russia-lane, Bethnal Green, a bottle-washer, asked for an award under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Mrs. Tredgett, who looked pitifully weak and ill, said that on July 24, while at her work, a bottle burst and cut her left hand. Compensation at 15s. a week was paid till October, when it ceased, as it was alleged she could work.

As a fact, she was now badly suffering from neurasthenia as a result, she said, of the accident, and had never done a stroke of work since. Her husband had been an invalid for four years, and she had been supporting him, herself and six children.

### BEDS STRIPPED OF BLANKETS.

After the accident all they had was the 15s. a week till October, and after then nothing. She had stripped the children of their clothes and the children's beds of their blankets and sheets to pawn so as to get food for the children. The walls were bare of anything pawnable.

Counsel: After the accident happened you were told not to nurse your fifteen-month-old baby, as it was detrimental to your health.

Applicant: What could I do? I could not afford to buy milk, and I could not let the baby starve. Any mother would nurse a baby under such circumstances.

Counsel: If you do nothing in the home, who looks after it?—My eleven-year-old girl! does everything when she comes home from school.

## "MY STARVING BABES."

**Mother's Despairing Cry When Her Claim for Compensation Failed.**

For the defence Dr. Morley was called and said that the applicant had fully recovered from the slight accident she met with, her present condition being due to her home worries.

Her home life was pitiful, and the family did not get enough to eat. She should not have nursed the child at such an age.

In giving his decision Judge Cluer said it had not been proved that the applicant's condition was due to the accident, and therefore he must decide for the respondents.

Applicant: Oh, my poor starving babies! What shall I do?

## A VISIT TO THE HOME.

**Boy Worker's Boots That "Went to Pay for Bread."**

When The Daily Mirror called on the family it found that the mother's description of their poverty was only too accurate.

Except for the remnants of a small piece of beef—bought on Saturday for 3s.—and a little bread, tea and margarine, of food there seemed to be none at all.

The "chairs" on which the children sat had apparently been fitted together by the father out of old boxes, and the children's bed—an old mattress—was devoid of coverings.

Next to the poverty, the first thing that struck The Daily Mirror was the cleanliness of the place.

When this fact was commented upon the mother smiled faintly. "My little housekeeper does that," she said, pointing to her eleven-year-old daughter, "after she comes back from school."

"Your boy is fourteen; does he work?" asked The Daily Mirror.

"Yes, he works a little, but, as you see, his boots are gone. They went to pay for bread."

Mrs. Tredgett added that her husband was ill and could not work. The rent was now 9s. 2d. a week.

## BOMB AT EGYPTIAN MINISTER.

Cairo, Wednesday (received yesterday). A man impersonating a photographer attempted to assassinate Sirry Pasha, Minister for Public Works, to-day by throwing a bomb at his motor-car.

The Minister was not hurt.—Reuter.

## A LONG CABINET.

The Cabinet met yesterday morning and, as the business could not be finished, again assembled in the afternoon. Mr. Barnes' private secretary called at 10, Downing-street, and

## ARE MEN MORE VAIN THAN WOMEN?

### THE HORRORS OF SHAVING AND THE BOWLER HAT.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

In a recent lecture Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chessier stated that she thought men were vainier than women. Our contributor does not agree.

YOU can never persuade me that men are vainier than women. Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chessier may say so in her charming lectures about dress, but I am not convinced. Why, you only have to walk in the streets and look at the ordinary man to realise that vanity is not in him.

Look at his clothes, the wrinkled, shapeless, colourless garments that keep him warm. Would man, if he were vain, put up with those things?

Look at his hats—crumpled grey things of soft felt or bowlers. Men have been wearing bowlers for fifty years.

Consider the bowler. If you offered a prize for ugliness the bowler would win it.

No, the fact of the case is that man may be born vain, I dare say he is, but he gets over it.

We all know the "knot" and his colour schemes, his cult of dazzling socks, his futurist neckties and lurid taste in silk handkerchiefs. But he is young. All that vanity wears off after a few years.

It is shaving that does it. For you see a man has to look at himself in a mirror for about ten minutes every morning. And that cures him.

#### WHAT HAS CURED HIM.

He may wake up in the morning feeling full of cheer, burst into a blithe song in his bath, decide that life really is worth living and that he is no end of a good fellow.

Then he picks up his shaving brush and has to look at himself. And the more he looks the less he likes it.

It's a horrible shock to most of us. We look at our lined and wrinkled faces and cover them up with shaving soap as quickly as possible. Then we have to scrape off the soap and faces come into view again.

We glare at them in the glass and they glare back again. We say to them do I really look like that, and the face answers yes, and worse when you wear a bowler.

Then we know that it's not the slightest bit of good trying to dress up. We realise that the only thing to do in common decency is to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible, so that people shan't notice us. Or else we grow beards and cover up our poor faces to avoid having to go through that morning penance at the mirror.

It's not that men don't like gay clothing; they love it, as a matter of fact.

Think of the splendid clothes the Cavaliers used to wear, and the embroidered waistcoats and brightly-coloured coats of the men of the Georgian era. They used to do the thing properly in those days, but then they didn't shave themselves, safety razors hadn't been invented.

#### ALL WOMEN ARE PRETTY.

Men used to give themselves up to their barbers as women do to-day to their maids. The barber naturally wanted to keep his job. He used to tell the men what handsome, good-looking chaps they were, and put wigs on their heads to help to prove it.

Then, of course, a man didn't see himself in the glass until he was skillfully disguised, and, naturally enough, believing himself to be a rather superior Adonis, he was willing to dress the part.

But all that is over now. Man has lost his vanity.

Only very occasionally does it break out. Even then you never know it. Its signs are hidden decently at the back of any man's tie and collar drawer.

There you may generally find strange and lurid neckties, wild socks, jazz handkerchiefs all unused. Should you ever discover them, the man will tell you they were given to him and he doesn't like to throw them away.

That is quite untrue; he bought them in some moment of elation, thinking he really would be gay and wear them.

Then when he got home he caught sight of himself in a glass and he knew it was no good, so he put them away at the back of the drawer and kept his own counsel.

Now, with women it is different. All women are pretty, some more than others, perhaps. It is worth their while to dress in pretty colours and dainty fabrics. When they look at themselves in the glass they can only get joy out of it.

And so, of course, women are vainier than

## GIRLS WHO ARE KEPT IN THE BACKGROUND

### SHOULD A CINDERELLA BE IN EVERY HOME?

By ANNE WRIGHTON.

"NO, Freda has never married," I heard a mother say the other day. "Poor child, she was never quite like the others!"

Now, I knew Freda. She was one of a family of clever, pretty girls—the plainest of the brood—and because of that she had always been regarded as the ugly duckling and kept back.

She had never known a really happy childhood, because she had always been the one who was most useful at home, the one that could not be done without, and her sisters grew up to look upon her as the one to give in to them at all times.

In fact, sometimes they seemed to forget she could possess an opinion of her own.

Consequently, when Freda was twenty-one she was not a self-possessed, self-reliant young lady like her sisters, and though she may have had her chances—as many chances as come to most women—she missed them all. Possibly, of course, it was not always her fault.

There is in nearly every family one girl who is looked upon as Cinderella by the rest of the sisters; one who is either thought less of than the others, or who is kept in the background. She may not always be the plainest, but there is almost invariably one.

Perhaps it is because she has older sisters, or it may be because she is the only member

of the family who cannot be spared. Mother needs her; the children want her; and father expects her always to be ready to answer his call.

She is expected to share housekeeping worries; it is she who must superintend and help when there are visitors; and oftentimes her life is a continual drudgery.

Of course, it is nice to be mother's "right hand," but the cares and worries of their elders should not be placed upon too young shoulders.

Naturally, as such a girl grows up, she is old beyond her years. Because her youth and girlhood have been blighted she is down-trodden and subdued, and thinks little of herself.

#### "THE UGLY DUCKLING!"

She may, and generally does, possess many good qualities—perhaps she is even pretty and might attract—but because of her unselfishness and lack of self-confidence, she never realises this, and it is because she does not take pride in herself and dress better that she is regarded as Cinderella.

Men, in seeking a wife, often enough fail to notice the good qualities of the ugly duckling, and never realise that the domesticated, loving and sympathetic girl whom they have always regarded as a dowdy and a fright, would make a far better wife than her more self-possessed and brilliant sisters.

If parents were wise there would be no "ugly duckling" in any family.

Favouritism among children would never be shown; all the children would share and share alike, and no Cinderella be kept in the background, either because she is plainer than her sisters or because she cannot be spared.



A four-in-hand passing Devonshire House, Piccadilly, on its way to the Royal Army Service Corps' race meeting at Sandown Park yesterday.

## WHAT CAN WE DO WITH THE LAZY GUESTS?

### THOUGHTLESS FOLK WHO DIS-ORGANISE THE HOUSE.

By A HOUSEWIFE.

MY husband and I live in a pretty little house far enough from town to be in what is called "the real country," yet near enough to permit of week-end visits from some of our London friends.

Despite the rather dreadful weather which we have been having I think there has hardly been a week-end of late when we have not had at least one guest with us and, of course, he or she has been here because a genuinely enthusiastic invitation was sent.

Perhaps it is because my husband is an artist and therefore one of those hapless folk who are bound by no definite working hours, that our male visitors have a tendency to disregard the ordinary household rules.

Most of these men are bachelors and, as I tell them, they have for too long been allowed to slither along in a slipshod way through life.

Without exception they have been entertaining and charming companions, full of sparkle from tea-time onwards and reaching to their greatest brilliancy in the small hours of the morning. But when the breakfast hour comes round they seem to suffer, temporarily, from sleeping sickness!

When I was first married I did not understand the ways of lazy guests, and accepted their rather martyred-like promises to be astir and downstairs in good time for the morning meal.

But before very long I decided that for my own peace of mind and for the proper working of the house it would be best to point out to

sent to their rooms. Some have protested, but I think only two were genuine in their protests. The others have slumbered on until nearly lunch time.

To be perfectly fair, I must not make out that my husband's friends are alone to blame—if, indeed, there is ground for blame.

A girl cousin of mine is just the same. True, she does not sit up very late, but she certainly rises very late, and I, who have only one maid to help me and cannot manage a running breakfast, am only too glad that my cousin should have her breakfast in her room than that the meal should have to be kept on the table downstairs for perhaps half an hour after my husband and I have finished.

Now this mild protest against the lazy guest is not voiced altogether from thoughts of the easier running of a house.

#### STAYING IN BED.

What upsets me—and my husband, for that matter—most is, that being lovers of the country—and in our own way something of fresh air fiends—it gives us a feeling almost of pain to see these town-dwellers wasting the best part of the day, as we think, lying between the sheets when they might be out in the sunny garden, or even splashing along through the muddy, but health-filled, lanes.

As I have said to my cousin often:—  
"Stay in bed, by all means, my dear. But surely you get plenty of opportunity for doing that in town!"

Yet there it is! While I am pining for them to be enjoying themselves outside and getting real benefit from their change, they still keep their heads on the pillow or sit and smoke and doze before the fire.

The lazy guest does not, perhaps, give much trouble, but he or she has an irritating effect on the ordinary housewife, such as myself.

## MODERN MEDICINE.

### HAS IT MATERIALLY ADVANCED UPON THE ANCIENT METHODS?

#### CYNICISM I.

BUT why should doctors "prevent universal complaints"? If they did so, what would become of doctors? RICH BDT RIEUMATIC.

#### THE OLDER DOCTORS.

YOUR readers who complain that modern doctors have "failed" ought to go back to mediæval doctors!

They would find one or two fantastic remedies applied to all complaints. Letting blood was one. The others were ludicrous superstitions. A STUDENT OF MEDICINE.

#### BATHS AND ACHE.

WHY do we not return to some of the curative treatments which the ancients evidently found effective?

And above all to baths? We do bathe—yes. But very few of us try the hot-air baths, the steam baths, and the others whereby the ancients cured god and rheumatism. A. M.

Wimbledon.

#### MIND AND BODY.

OUR doctors fail because they believe only in two remedies—drugs and operations. "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." Can't that not minister to a mind diseased?

These two Shakespearean quotations give us the clue to the real cure for bodily ailments—the mind. The mind must be worked into health before the body can be well. FAITH HEALER.

#### COLDS AND CLIMATE.

IN order to prevent the suggestion that there is greater freedom from colds in America and Canada—an inference which might be deduced from "A. C. B.'s" statement—my own experience proves otherwise.

During the six years of my stay in Canada and America each winter brought me at least two very severe colds. Each summer brought me that very distressing ailment called hay fever.

Back in my native land for almost a year, I have been entirely free from colds both summer and winter. C.

#### MARTIANS AND MEN.

THERE is no real reason why Mars should not be inhabited, or why the Martians should not be endeavouring to communicate with this planet.

I have always been amused at the amazing conceit of man in assuming that our earth is the only planet which is inhabited.

It is quite likely that there are scores of other planets containing beings of probably a much greater intelligence than ourselves, although it is doubtful if we shall ever discover much about them. PLANETARY.

#### SHORTER LETTERS.

Colds in Canada.—"A. C. B." suffers from colds in England and not on the American Continent because the dry climate of the States and Canada dries up his chronic catarrh, whereas the damp of England revives the catarrh.—EXPERIENCED COLD CATCHER.

The Martian Peril.—Is it not possible that the Martians are Bolsheviks and are trying to conquer the earth?—ALARMED.

Have We Lived Before?—In reply to "A. H. D.," may I say that some people remember where they laid their thimble, others don't; some recollect their name, others don't; and some remember their former lives, whilst others have no recollection of them? The fact of "reincarnation" remains established, despite the poor and as yet unevolved memories of people.—CHARLOTTE BROOK.

The Rarest Virtue.—The rarest virtue of all is one which is hardly ever seen—gratitude.—DROCKES.

After-War Marriage.—Your cartoons have rightly touched upon one point in the difficulties of after-war marriage. This is the premium demanded for houses and flats. It absolutely cripples the young people at the start.—S. L. E.

#### THE LOVER'S TRUST.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life I stand,  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:  
Thou canst not vex me with inconsistent mind,  
Since that my life on the revolt doth lie.  
O! what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love! Thy love to die!  
But what's so blessed-like that fears no blot?  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 29.—See that fruit trees that were planted a month or so back are firmly set in the ground. Where necessary stake and securely tie the trees. Unless the soil is of a very poor nature, it is generally a mistake to apply manure for the first two or three years, but later on dressings of good soil and rich material may be given with advantage.

Lightly dig round all young fruit trees, removing grass and weeds. Lime washing can now be undertaken; this will help to keep the bark from rotting. E. F. T.

# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1920.

## REASONS FOR PEACE.

A CURIOUS theory seems to be going about, to the effect that, when the internal government or domestic conduct of any nation happens to displease us, we must declare war, and continue to make war, on that nation, until it mends its manners. Evidently a theory revived from the days of the Crusades in Europe!

Thus, if men are beheaded (as they often are) in China, "we"—that is, apparently, Great Britain—must send an expedition to China.

Is the Great Panjandrum of Tonkoland a polygamist, and is he in the habit of burying his wives, as he grows tired of them? Straight, a war with Tonkoland and a new king for that benighted country.

Such is the theory.

Why it did not prevail, say, in the days of Tsaristic Russia, when Rasputin ruled supreme, and when Red Sunday stained St. Petersburg (as it then was) with blood, we will not ask. We will merely note that theories of this sort are revived where and when needed; because, as you know, it is always easy to find excuses for war; hard to find them for peace.

Yet the excuses for peace and the reasons for it are really so obvious that we do not like to be perpetually producing them. They are that Europe is dying of war, and that the world cannot live without peace; that nobody can afford any more fighting; that war makes war; that by war we exacerbate civil war—for example in Russia; that the questions of the hour will be settled, not, as Bismarck said, and the Allies apparently believe, by "blood and iron," but by peace and taking thought; with a few more things of like persuasive power.

Certain Paris potentates are behaving now exactly as reactionary Europe behaved over the great French Revolution.

We are asked by a writer, who misquotes history to his purpose, as the devil misquotes Scripture, whether the French people, more than a century ago, liked the Terror because they put up with it.

We answer unhesitatingly: "No, they did not like it much, but they put up with it because they liked it better than the alternative offered them, by the *then* Allies, of a Government restored in favour of those Bourbons who had 'learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.'"

The French peasant fought on and on, becoming gradually a pawn in Napoleon's plan, because he feared the restoration which would have made him once more the serf of Bourbon France, curved under taxes, victim of *corvée* and *taille*. And all this was utterly misunderstood by the then anti-Bolsheviks, verbose Burke and the others.

Similarly, every attack upon the France of those days, by the Allies of that time, increased the violence in Paris. The September massacres were the answer to the threat upon the frontiers of France. Apply this to present-day Russia.

Let us read history before talking about it. Let us realise how it repeats itself, because human nature never changes. Reading and realising, let us finally renounce the Crusading spirit and make peace and act peace with Russia, with the Turk, with Tonkoland and with every other country we have been striving to improve out of existence, by killing its men and starving its women and children.

If we do not do this with free will, readily, our financial state will force us to do it unwillingly, after many sufferings.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If we are prepared to shine, God will provide the candlestick; if we are prepared to work, God will find us something to do. Only be ready and willing for anything.—J. Milne.



Miss Phyllis Cartwright deputising for the principal dancer in "The Red Mill."



Lady Owen Phillips has returned to Chelsea House from South Wales.

## ANOTHER LADY M.P.?

Viscount Curzon and the Coalition—English Girls for Italy.

I HEAR THAT THE LIBERAL ORGANISERS in Paisley are so delighted with Lady Bonham Carter's electioneering speeches that she will be asked to contest a seat before long. If the "ex-P.M." is elected, I believe she will accept. If he fails she is expected to refuse.

### A Resignation.

Mr. Tom Richards, M.P., has resigned the chairmanship of the Welsh National Parlia-

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### "The Duke."

British politics are in a state of flux, and almost anything may happen from day to day. Yesterday I heard some interesting suggestions as to the future of the Duke of Northumberland. He is known to be both ambitious and able, and we may look to see him very prominent in the affairs of Britain. It may not be yet, but it is pretty certain, as I gather.

### Three Shots Ahead.

It is said that the best polo players always "think a couple of shots ahead." A friend of Earl Haig's described him to me yesterday as one who always thought three shots ahead. Perhaps it was this faculty of intelligent anticipation which enabled the Field-Marshal to baffle in France Messrs. Ludendorff, Hindenburg and Company.

### Unemployed.

I hear a good deal of interesting speculation as to the future of Earl Haig, who from tomorrow will be without a job of any kind. Some people are putting the Field-Marshal

### A September Election?

People in politics are beginning to set down to the belief that we shall have a general election in September. Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George, with whom the matter rests, keeps his own counsel.

### A Rebel.

Viscount Curzon has dashed down to gauntlet to the Prime Minister with no certain dash, and people were asking yesterday if his threatened defection from the Coalition would be the first of several. As befits a Naiman, Lord Curzon is always to the fore with questions about naval matters in the House. He puts these and others from the seat formerly occupied by Mr. "Willie" Redmond.

### Curzon Cousins.

Alongside you see his Viscountess, one of the most beautiful and popular women in society. She is the Viscount's cousin, being the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montague Curzon. I shall never forget seeing her during one of the worst of the air raids strolling across Piccadilly as cool as if nothing were happening.

### The "Black Coats."

Keep your eye on the conference of professional workers to be held in London. The "Black Coats" are meeting. I understand to talk over many important matters, notably the proposal to join the Trade Union Congress. And, I hear, they will.

### A Good Deal.

One hundred and forty thousand pounds is the price which Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard have paid for the freehold of the Apollo Theatre. This enterprising firm now have four first class London theatres. And it is not so long ago that the partnership was entered into either.

### A Reminder.

Don't forget that our new serial, "The War of a Woman," starts to-morrow. The author Mr. Sidney Warwick, told me the other day that he considers it the best story he has ever written. And Mr. Warwick is a master of his craft.

### A Correction.

By a typographical error, Mrs. Clara Lois Roberts, who was married at the Savoy Chapel the other day to Mr. Cuthbert Becher Pigot was described as "Miss." She was the widow of the late Mr. Claude A. Roberts, of Norwich. Major-General H. S. M. White, C.B., M.V.O., who gave the bride away, is a brother-in-law of the bridegroom.

### The Booming Bowler.

Have you noticed how the well-dressed man almost invariably wears a bowler with his lounge suit? It was the Prince of Wales' fondness for a bowler that started the boom. But it may have had an added impetus from the fact that most of the miscreants who go about holding up people are described as wearing "tribby" hats.

### For Sunny Italy.

As everybody knows, inhabitants of southern lands have a particular admiration for the type which the late Sir W. S. Gilbert described as "a creamy English girl." Here is Miss Pat Halton, who has had an offer from an Italian cinema firm to appear on their films as the typical English girl. Miss Halton, though she is only fifteen, has already appeared in revue in the West End. She is a niece of Mr. Guy Le Feuvre.

### Old and New.

Some interesting engagements have been made for "Pygmalion" at the Aldwych. The old school and the new meet in the persons of Miss Marion Terry and Miss Faith Celli, who first sprang into prominence by her performance as the dream-child in "Dear Brutus."



Miss Pat Halton.

THE RAMBLER.

## THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 10.



After a few more of the many difficulties of post-war existence, the inevitable happens. They go back to the parents who warned them and say it's all those parents' fault!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

mentary Party. He will apply for the Children Hundreds as soon as the Labour Party in his constituency have selected a candidate.

### The New Warden of Keble.

I see that Canon Kidd, vicar of St. Paul's, Oxford, has been appointed Warden of Keble College in succession to Dr. Lock. The new warden is well known in Oxford, where the whole of his clerical life has been spent, and since 1912 he has acted as examining chaplain to the Bishop. A former Warden of Keble is now Bishop of Winchester.

### At Lunch.

"Here's amicableness!" as Miss Miggs would say. I saw Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill lunching together and chatting merrily yesterday at a world-famous hotel. There is a lot of loose talk going on about the relations between the two men, but I do not think there is much in it.

forward as a possible War Minister. And if we are to depart from the British idea that the representatives of the fighting services in the Cabinet must be civilians, what better choice could there be?

### Home Only.

At the same time, I can say that the rumours about Earl Haig being appointed to a big post in the East are more than ill-founded. He will in no circumstances leave this country.

### Particular.

There is a novel notice in the programme of "Marriage à la Mode," which the Phoenix Society are putting on at Hammersmith next Sunday. It reads: "The committee earnestly request that members and guests of the society will not spoil the final moments of the play by leaving their seats or putting on hats and coats before the curtain has fallen." People with "last trains" to catch will rejoice.

## VIENNA'S STARVING CHILDREN.



A scene at the American feeding kitchen in Vienna, where the starving schoolchildren are being kept alive by the Relief Commission. Bread is 4s. 5d. a loaf, and the small amount of meat available is scarcely fit for human consumption. Food queues are a daily sight.



Cooldeen (G. N. Bennett up) comes to grief at the water-jump in the January Steeplechase at Plumpton, leaving the race to Memento, the favourite. The weather reduced the ground to a quagmire.



**MOTOR "MONUMENTS" AT SLOUGH.**—A few of the hundreds of motor-lorry bodies at the Slough Mechanical Transport Depot. They are placed in this curious position to render them less vulnerable to the weather.



**DECORATED.**—Es-Sergant Observer A. H. Banks, R.A.F., who has received a D.F.C. for his age at night and famous squadron in France.



**SKATING CHAMPION.**—A recent photograph of Lady Rachel Cavendish, who has just won the junior skating championship at Ottawa, Canada.

## "PAINTING—



This charming navy straw toque, trimmed with large leaves and ribbons, is particularly effective.



An attractive evening gown from Paris, created in navy satin trimmed with pink silk roses.

## HAMLET AS PRINCE



Hamlet (Miss Eve M. Donne) dies in the act.

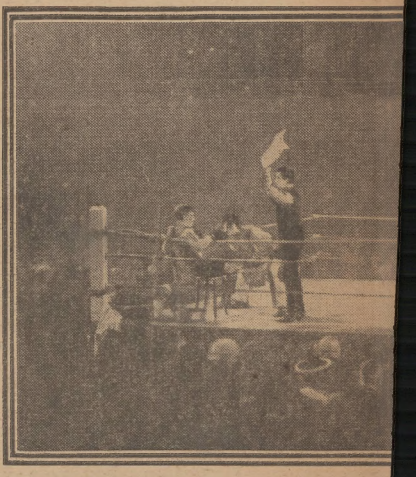


Miss Winifred McCullagh, who makes a charming Ophelia.



Hamlet forces the King to

The British Empire Shakespeare Society is producing a performance, at the Gables Theatre, Surbiton, is in



**BOXING BOOM SPREADS TO GERMANY.**—Berlin has an alleged Turk "from Babylon" called Sabri Mahir, above in the ring. It was a humorous event. Two X announcing additional prizes, and

**'WARE PUSSYFOOT!**—Mr. William Orvis, the first whip of the Hampshire Foxhounds, taking a little light refreshment before starting at the meet at Basingstoke.

# OF DENMARK.

# —THE LILY.”

# TENANTS CONGRATULATE LAIRD.



atio (Miss Katherine Dwyer)



Fashioned in navy panne, this star model hat is the latest idea in woman's headwear from Paris.



A white satin evening gown of Paris design, with "jazz" effects, embroidered in black chenille.



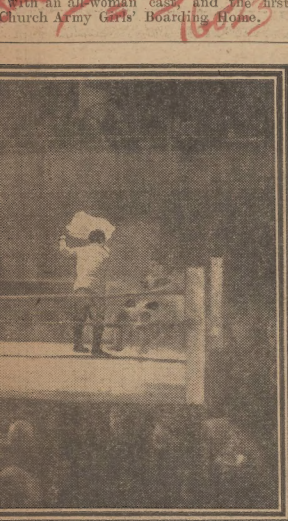
Mr. Burr, of Tullorford, on behalf of the tenantry, presenting a congratulatory address to the Marquis of Aberdeen on the occasion of his jubilee as Laird of the Haddo estates. The Marchioness is seen seated beside the chairman (Mr. W. Dunne).



poisoned cup.



Guldenstern, played by Miss G. Champion de Crespigny.



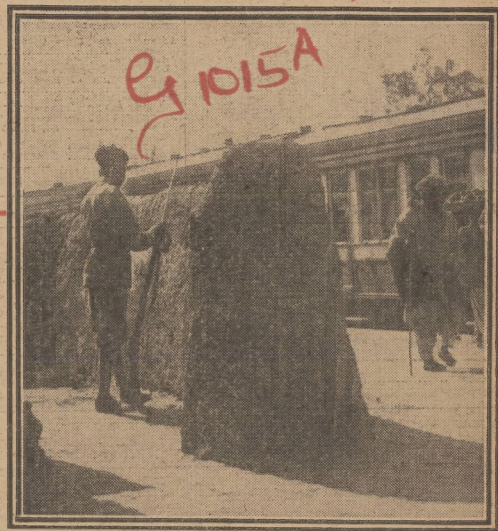
st big boxing match, the contestants being named Johann Eckerth, who are seen referee addressed the house repeatedly, ended in an uproar.



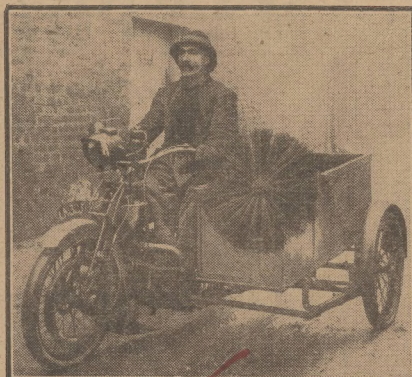
REFUSED £100.—Bishop Dwyer, who has refused £100 offered him to meet his income-tax bill. His brother, James, is seen better situated.



TO WED.—Miss Stella Mary Powles, of Ealing, who is engaged to Mr. A. Angus Tatham (late Black Watch), said, a G.O. of Edinburgh.



BOMB ON INDIAN TRAIN.—Pabbi Station, near which a bomb was thrown at an approaching train. The missile wrecked a first-class compartment, women passengers having narrow escapes.



THE MOTOR-CYCLE SWEEP.—Mr. C. E. Wilson, of Uxbridge, on the motor-cycle and sidecar which he uses in connection with his business of chimney sweeping.



THE PENALTY OF PILLAGE.—German cattle waiting in a compound to be handed over to the Allies, under the terms of the Peace Treaty, in recompense for the live stock "appropriated" by the German forces.

# LONDON JOINT CITY & MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

Authorised Capital - £45,200,000 0 0 Paid-up Capital - £8,417,335 0 0  
 Subscribed Capital - £35,673,585 10 0 Reserve Fund - £8,417,335 0 0

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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

Joint General Managers: E. W. WOOLLEY, R. RICHARDS, H. MAIRE, J. G. BUCHANAN.

## BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1919.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Capital Paid up, viz.:		Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £8,000,000) and Cash at Bank of England	60,216,730 0 11
2,869,079 Shares of £12 each, £2 10s. 6d. paid	7,172,697 10 0	Cheques on other Banks in transit	8,050,607 8 4
497,855 Fully paid Shares of £2 10s. 6d. each	1,244,637 10 0	Money at Call and at Short Notice	18,439,161 14 4
		Investments:	
War Loan, under cost of which £489,067 10s. is lodged for Public and other Accounts, and other British Government Securities	8,417,335 0 0	War Loans, under cost of which £489,067 10s. is lodged for Public and other Accounts, and other British Government Securities	64,216,943 4 3
Dividend payable on 2nd February, 1920	530,292 2 1	Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government and Indian Railway Debentures	405,383 7 9
Balance of Profit and Loss, after 1919	726,852 6 2	British Railway Debentures and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks	942,274 9 9
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	18,091,814 8 3	Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds	1,011,600 5 2
Acceptances on account of Customers	371,742,289 0 1	Smaller Investments	727,297 1 1
		Bills of Exchange	52,889,521 6 11
		Advances on Current and other Accounts	206,899,504 18 7
		Advances on War Loans	162,968,744 16 0
		Liabilities of Customers for Accounts	15,589,303 5 2
		Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	29,014,568 4 5
		Other Bank Shares:	3,618,960 8 7
		50,000 £12 10 0 Old Shares £2 10 0 paid	
		150,000 £12 10 0 New Shares £2 10 0 paid	
		Cost	£1,237,500 0 0
		Less part Premium on Shares issued	477,810 0 0
			759,690 0 0
	£418,848,771 12 9		£418,848,771 12 9

## Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1919. Cr.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Interim Dividend at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum, less Income Tax, paid 15th July, 1919	532,211 11 4	By Balance from last Account	675,097 14 7
Dividend at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum, less Income Tax, payable on 2nd February, 1920	530,292 2 1	Net profit for the year ending 31st December, 1919, after providing for all Bad and Doubtful Debts	5,079,460 19 8
Salaries and Bonuses to Staff with H.M. Forces and Bonuses to other Members of the Staff	475,202 14 8		
Special "Peace" Bonus to Staff	250,000 0 0		
Reserve for Depreciation of War Loans and Future Contingencies	1,000,000 0 0		
Bank Premises Redemption Fund	250,000 0 0		
Balance carried forward to next account	726,852 6 2		
	£3,794,558 14 3		£3,794,558 14 3

R. MCKENNA, Chairman.  
 W. G. BRADSHAW, Deputy Chairman.  
 A. H. GOSCHEN, Deputy Chairman.  
 F. W. NASH, Director.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches and have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances, Cheques on other Banks in transit, and the Bills of Exchange, and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

WHINNEY, SMITH and WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

London, 13th January, 1920

THIS BANK IS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BELFAST BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADOLPHI.** "WHO'S WHO?" W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. Wed. Sat. at 2. (Ger. 2645.)  
**ALDWYCH.** "Theatre," 8.15. SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE His Hoz, Frankie Dvali. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**ALHAMBRA.** ADA REVEY. McDORAH. Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.  
**AMBAZADORS.** Evgs. at 8.15. "SYLVIA'S LOVERS." Matines, Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30. (Ger. 4460.)  
**APOLLO.** TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY. Hancher. Avenueworth. Evgs. 8 Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**COMEDY.** Nightly at 8.15. "THE WISE FOLK." A Comedy in 3 Acts. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**COURT.** Evgs. 8. MATRICK MOSCOWITZ IN THE MEDICINE OF VENICE. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.  
**COVENT GARDEN.** Evgs. only 8. Mats. Fri. 5.  
**THE ONLY WAY.** Wed. Sat. Mats. 2.30. HAMILTON.  
**CRITERION.** LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY. Civil Maude. Comic Edna. Evgs. 8.30. Tues. Sat. 2.30.  
**DAILY.** THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. Nightly, at 8. Matines, Tues. and Sat. at 2.  
**DRURY LANE.** THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30.  
**DUKE OF YORKS.** Evgs. 8.30. ROBERT LORRAINE IN ARMS AND THE MAN. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**CARRICK.** Evgs. 8.15. MATINEE, Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE CLIPPER." Alfred Loder. Tolly toward.  
**GLOBE.** Mat. Thurs. Nightly 8.15. "THE VOICE FROM THE MOUNTAINS." Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**HAYMARKET.** Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Sat. 2.30. DADDIES. A. E. Matthews. Mat. Thurs. Fri. 8.30. "THE ONLY WAY." A. E. Matthews. Play Company. Stanley Logan. HIS MAJESTY'S. CHIT CITY. THURSDAY. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 8.15.  
**HOLBORN EMPHIRE.** (Hd. 5367). "LITTLE WOMEN." From New Theatre. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**KINGSWAY.** "IN THE NIGHT." Evgs. at 8.30. Matinees, Mondays and Fridays, at 2.30.  
**LONDON PAVILION.** Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**ALHAMBRA.** ALICE DELYSIA. John Humphries. LYRIC. THE BIRD OF PARADISE. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.

## COMPARE PRICE

AS WELL AS QUALITY  
 WHEN YOU ARE BUYING.

MAYPOLE'S PRICE  
 FOR THE VERY BEST

## MAYPOLE MARGARINE

IS STILL  A LB. ONLY.

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Retailers and Large Consumers can be supplied with above in bulk at 11/10½ per doz. lbs. or 108/6 per cwt. in 56-lb. cases for cash at any of our 899 BRANCHES.

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THE VERY BEST: **2/10** WHY PAY MORE?

Also a RELIABLE BLEND at 2/6 a lb.

## MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.

Branches Everywhere.

LTD.

Other Amusements on page 11.

# Children's Dress

FAIRY FASHIONS FOR FAIRY FOLKS.



**SKY** blue crepe de Chine was the material of the dainty little Magyar style dancing frock in which a little three-year-old maiden tripped gaily to her dancing class. Bands of embroidered silk trimmed the square cut collar, yoke and elbow sleeves.

## FRILLS OF LACE

formed the hem of the long waisted petticoat, which made her pretty frock hang correctly. At the top of the uppermost frill was a narrow lace slotting, in which was threaded a sky blue ribbon.

## SAXE AND PUTTY

coloured wool made the smart little jumper suit of small Master Three-year-old, who played with his scooter in the park. His little woolly cap of saxe blue was banded with putty colour and surmounted by a bushy putty tassel.

## BLACK BRAID

and frogs trimmed the neat little topcoat of dark green velour cloth in which a small boy went shopping with his mother.

## JUST LIKE MOTHER

was the little maiden who so proudly carried her tiny bead-work handbag. Made in the new bucket shape, it had a small kitten beaded in contrasting colour at the top.



This little schoolgirl feels very proud of her simple frock of navy and gold tulle, with its cone-shaped pockets.

He can go to his party happy if he wears a little suit of dull green woolback satin with a neat frilled roll collar of white organdie.



## SQUEAK'S FIRST "PANTO."

(Our friend Squeak has been to the pantomime. She gives here some of her impressions.—UNCLE DICK.)

Our Happy Home.

## MY DUKKIES.—

Oh, I'm so glad! I thought the Wolf was going to eat Red Riding Hood, but he didn't, he didn't, he didn't! The Wolf was eaten instead at least I think he was but I'm not sure if Wolves are good to eat. Oh my darlings aren't you glad the Wolf didn't eat poor little Red Riding Hood? I ate butiful jujubs and chokolates and sang all the songs and felt as if I was in fairyland!

I nu it was the wolf dressed up as Grand-mama although Red Riding Hood didn't and when she sed What a big mouth you have! I felt awfully frighted. And when the wolf jumped from the bed I was so ekited I fell over the seat on to a gentleman's hat and he was cross and sed I shud be careful. Has the wolf got her I asked of course not he lied spout treding on my toe.

Well my dears I hope you will enjoy uncles treat to you as much as I did. I'm so sorry you cant all go and so is Pip he sends his love to you and now I will close.—Yore loving friend SQUEAK.



## No. 21.—A Bid for Freedom.

WHEN the two parties of cannibals met there was a scene of great joy. Soon they were busy on a meal of bear's flesh, and for a few moments the boys were almost forgotten. Suddenly Jack leant over towards his friend. "Shall we make a dash for it?" he whispered. Ralph had lost none of his spirit in spite of his wound and he nodded eagerly.

And so, when the feast was at its height, the boys crept away from the camp. But, alas for their hopes!

They had only covered half a dozen yards when a savage cry told them they had been detected. They began running as hard as they could, but were hampered by their bound arms. Besides, they had tasted no food for hours and felt weak and exhausted.

Jack saw his friend gripped by savage arms and then he made no further effort. Resisting no longer, they were quickly dragged back and forced into an open space in the forest.

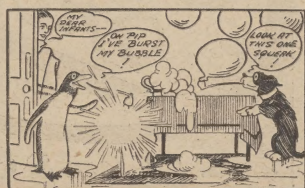
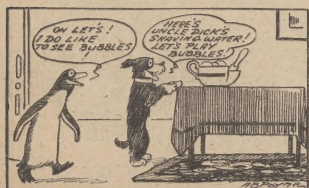
Here, seated in a rough chair hewn out of wood, was the ugliest man they had ever seen. It was the Cannibal King!

(To-morrow: The Cannibal King Defied.)

## "PANTO." PRIZEWINNERS.

Grand Theatre, Brighton.—"Cinderella." Double tickets will be sent to the following: John Humphreys, Denis Bignall, Jack Galt, Milda Hutchinson, Mrs. Hunt, Agnes Lettley, Gwyneth Boniface, Ronald King, Philip Sawyer, Vera Brown, Matinee, Thursday, February 5. Theatre Royal, Bradford.—"Gooly Two Shoes." Double tickets will be sent to: Emma Pearson, Clement Pullman, Dennis Maxine, Nellie Ribbert, John Robinson, L. Catling, P. Walker, Frances Chapman, Marie Pollack, Harry Denbigh. Matinee, Wednesday, February 4. (Further prize-winners will be announced next week.)

## WHY I WAS LATE FOR BREAKFAST YESTERDAY.



Pip and Squeak have taken a sudden fancy for blowing bubbles, and early yesterday morning I discovered them making good use of my shaving water and soap.



## Have a real Country Breakfast!

**A** DELICIOUS steaming dish of scrambled eggs and bacon—a golden omelette, or a plate of hot savoury pancakes.

Buy a carton of Cook's Dried Farm Eggs from your Grocer's and you can make any of these dishes in a few moments

and save 3/- on every dozen eggs.

Cook's Farm Eggs are the very finest new-laid eggs with just the useless shell and moisture removed. Every atom of the flavour and nourishment of the egg is retained.

Order a carton to-day.

**COOK'S FARM EGGS** **2/6**  
(DRIED) PER DOZEN

Sold in Cartons of 3, 12 and 24 Eggs.

3 Eggs, 7½d.; 12 Eggs, 2/6; 24 Eggs, 4/7.

Every Carton Guaranteed.

On Sale at all leading Grocers and Stores.

WHOLESALE ONLY from Donald Cook and Son, Ltd.,  
35-37, Bermondsey Street, London, S.E.1.

## Instantaneous Hair Colouring

"Kopatine Instantaneous" gives perfect colour from Blonds to Black, leaving the hair soft and glossy. Guaranteed absolutely clean, safe and harmless. Will not wash or brush off, or soil the linen. Does not stain the skin. Specially suitable for home use or when travelling. Applications sold daily in our salons with the greatest success.

Price 6/6, double size 10/6. "Kopatine Al-Khanna" in powder form. A hair colouring giving permanent results in any shade desired.

Call for advice or write for Booklet—  
KOPATINE CIE (Dept. 17),  
34, Buckingham Palace Rd. S.W.1



## CONSUMPTION.

If you are suffering from this supposedly incurable disease, send to-day for a Free Sample or a larger supply, on the "No cure, no pay" principle, of the only remedy that has ever been known to cure Consumption in its advanced stages, and it has been proved in the High Courts of Justice, King's Bench Division, to have cured many such cases. Full particulars post free on request. Only address—Chas. H. Stevens, 204, World's Building, London, E.C.4.

# THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY  
M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

## WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

**MEG ROSS**, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries **JEFFERY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom she is devoted.

**LAURIE ROSS**, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

**LESLIE STAFFORD**,—A young man who had at one time been in love with Jeffery Stafford, from whom he had taken his name.

## JEFFERY EXPLAINS.

**JEFFERY** lifted me up in his arms as if I had been a child and carried me back into my room. He said something sharply to Mary, who stood there looking frightened to death, and she went hurriedly away, shutting the door behind her; then Jeffery put me gently down on the chair by the fire, and for a moment there was a breathless silence.

It seemed an eternity till he spoke; then he said, in a very quiet, but rather hoarse voice: "I ought to have insisted on seeing you days ago, but nurse and Mrs. Fryer dissuaded me. However—I'm not waiting any longer."

But it seemed that he waited many minutes before he went on again with difficulty.

"I've not been just to you, Meg, though I honestly meant to be, and thought that I was; but, all the same, I beg of you now to try and be just to me while I tell you the truth—of this—this miserable business." And then I could feel that he bent a little towards me, and presently he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Meg."

I shivered away from him, and he drew himself up again instantly. "Will you listen to what I say?" he asked hoarsely, and I said, "Yes." And he went on, speaking with slow difficulty, as if it were a hard matter to put his thoughts into words.

"Since I married you—I have understood the meaning of the word jealousy! I thought I knew it before—in the days when poor Willard was alive, but all that was nothing compared to what I went through afterwards—when those letters first began to come, and when . . . when I found that scoundrel here in

The first instalment of "The Way of a Woman," by Sidney Warwick, appears in "The Daily Mirror"—to-morrow. It is a story full of thrills.

your room. I used to flatter myself that I was a keen-sighted man, and that I should not easily be led into making a blind mistake. I was wrong in that also, because I readily believed everything I saw and heard, without waiting first to make sure. I suppose that is part of the hellishness of jealousy. I remembered, too, that I was many years older than you, and that—until quite recently, and then I forgot it—at a time when I had no smallest hope of ever winning your love—you had never cared for me."

I raised my head then, and looked at him with feverish eyes.

"You are wasting your time—I don't want to hear anything you have got to say. It's too late now—I don't care any more."

Jeffery was standing up, with his back to the fireplace—a tall, forbidding figure—but he never turned his head or even glanced down at me.

"You've got to listen. . . . I've kept silence all these weeks, because they told me I must if I wished you to live. . . . Well, now you can speak me to my own face, because . . . it's more to me than life to make you believe."

He passed his hand over his eyes with a confused sort of gesture, as if he found it difficult to concentrate his thoughts, and presently he went on again.

"If I seem to blame anyone, please understand that it is not intentional; I only blame one person—myself—for all that has happened! But I have to tell you in my own defence."

Jeffery had always been an attractive man—to women—and you must remember that—until the Christmas Eve dance, I knew little or nothing about you, and I did not know that you must have many friends and acquaintances of whom I knew nothing. Afterwards—I believed that you must have known Leslie for months before we were married. . . .

"How do you know I did not?" I broke in shrilly.

He turned his eyes to me for the first time, and something in the hopeless weariness of them went to my heart.

"He told me himself—at last when I ground it out of him," he said. "He told me how you met by chance at Victoria Station the night we were married—and the truth of how that night was spent."

I laughed bitterly. "I wonder you believe him! You would not have believed me if I had told you such a thing."

"I am not excusing myself—I am blaming myself. In my jealousy I believed only what I saw and told."

"You believed what everyone told you but me," I said harshly.

There was a little pause, then: "Yes, that is true enough," he agreed in that dull, quiet voice that seemed to hide so much suffering. "But then—it was only you I loved."

It seemed some time before Jeffery went on again.

"I have as much to tell you. During the last few weeks I have thought of nothing else—of what I would say, and how I would say it, and yet no time has come—I can find no words—I can only earnestly ask you to believe in me." And now for the first time there was such a depth of passion in his voice that I began to tremble. I sat up a little in the big chair, and laid my head against its padded back, my hands gripping its arms so steadily.

"You didn't believe me," I said in a whisper. "You wanted to be rid of me."

He swung round with a violent movement towards me, as if I had strunk away from him, he controlled himself with an effort and said:

"Would you have acted differently in my place? I believed that you wished to be rid of you would have believed it if I had been told the damnable lies I was told."

"I saw you with Allison Lee," I said. "Though you knew she had tried her best to ruin me, I saw you with her, and you were friends—quite friends. . . ."

The dull colour crept into his hard face.

"Miss Lee came to tell me that she had written that there was a story about her and you, and to forgive her. She said she could never forgive herself because—you and she had once been friends."

I laughed scornfully. "That was very clever of her," I said. "Of course, she knew then that you were trying to get rid of me. . . . I suppose she thought it was one way to win you back." My voice fell to a whisper, and I realise he did not hear my last words, for another silence fell, during which I began to feel a little atreash how weak and weary I was.

I was so terribly afraid that I should faint, or cry, and make a scene, and I wanted so much to be strong and show him only the indifference of a woman who had no more interest in him than I had.

"If that is all you have to say to me, please go now. I'm tired. . . ."

I looked at his implacable face and understood the uselessness of my plea.

"I think he was passing his weak and ill."

I still really felt. I think he had got to a pitch when he could bear things no longer, and that if he had known it would kill me he would have stayed there till he had said all that he had to say.

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"I think he was passing his weak and ill."

He half-bent his head, then suddenly drew back and turned his face sharply away.

"I can't. . . . I'm not fit. . . . Oh, my love, in all my life I can never make it up to you, never!" And suddenly he hid his face against my shoulder, and it was not only my tears that fell as he stammered again and again:—"Forgive me—forgive me—forgive me!"

## THE FINAL PERFDY.

**A**COORDING to the nurse and the doctor and Mrs. Fryer, and even Mary, I ought to have had a serious relapse and never recovered, but from that evening I began to get well.

We had so much to tell one another, Jeffery and I, but it was only some days afterwards that I could find the courage to ask him what had become of Leslie Stafford.

His face changed so at my question that I put my hand quickly over his eyes protestingly.

"I won't have you look so ugly, just when I'm beginning to think you're quite a good-looking man, after all."

"If you don't want me to look ugly, don't ask me ugly questions, then," he said with a touch of his old grimace.

A little thrill of apprehension shot through me. "Jeffery—you have been so dryly."

"Killed him!" he supplemented for me dryly. "Oh, no! but I did my best—he won't show himself again for some time to come, and when he does it will only be to get on board the first boat leaving England. I've given him so much time to clear out, and he knows what will happen if he doesn't obey."

"Isobel Farrow?" I faltered. "Will he take her?"

"I should say not, seeing that she's no further use to him."

He thrust his jaw out into the obstinate square line I remembered so well, and for a moment neither of us spoke; then I said, with a sigh:—"You're a hard man, aren't you, Jeffery?"

"Hard?" He flushed like a girl, and such a wounded look crept into his eyes that I leaned forward and kissed him in quick remorse.

"Not to me! Not to me!" I said, hurriedly. "But I think—perhaps to other people. . . ."

"I think, perhaps you can't understand. . . . you're so different—so . . ."

"You're thinking of your brother," he said, quietly, as I broke off, unable to continue.

"I have blamed myself over him—many times," he said, sadly. "Meg, do you believe that I would give a great deal if it were possible to bring him back? That it would be my greatest happiness if I could shake hands with him again and give him another chance? As you say, perhaps I can't understand. . . . It's no credit to me that I was made a stronger man than he."

He looked down at me with a little "sorry" smile. "It's one of the things you use to him."

"The fourth day I made up my mind to come to you, and ask you to forgive me. . . . I had even started when—he set his teeth hard—at that scoundrel came. I refused to see him at first, and he insisted, and at last, I gave way, and he repeated to me then what he had told me before, here in this room—that you had always cared for him, but that my money had been the attraction; he told me that you had always wished for a divorce from me so you could marry him, but that the lack of money had led you to deceive me. . . . and he said—"

Jeffery's voice changed so that I hardly knew it. "He said that only that morning you had implored him to marry you if I—if I set you free."

But he also said that it was impossible for him to do so unless—unless it was made worth his while! I gave a little inarticulate cry, and he went on hoarsely:

"Yes—he told me that. He offered to let the divorce go undefended and marry you, if I would make it worth his while. My God! Looking back on it now, I wonder I didn't kill the cur! . . . but I let him go. . . . and I sent

Our new and fascinating serial, "The Way of a Woman," starts to-morrow. Don't miss it.

Robson round here to see you, to try and find out how much truth there was in a story which I ought to have known was all damnable lies."

And in the dreadful silence following I said:—"And he told me—here in this room, the night I was taken ill—that you had offered to pay him . . . to take me off your hands. . . ."

I got up stiffly from my chair and stood, leaning on my arms, looking at him with tragic eyes.

Jeffery turned round slowly, and for the first time we looked into one another's eyes, and I saw the hardness of his soften and break into pity and wonderful tenderness, and he came a step closer to me, though he made no effort to touch me, and he said in a voice that I shall never forget as long as I live. "Can you be more pitiful than I deserve and forgive me?"

But he did not wait for my answer. Perhaps he read in my eyes what it would have been, for he just stooped and lifted me into his arms, and I put my arms weakly round his neck. For a long time neither of us spoke or moved, till I felt the terrible weakness stealing over me again, and I said faintly:

"Jeffery—I'm so tired. . . . if you would just let me lie down for a minute." He put me into the big chair and knelt beside me, and I rested my head against his shoulder and shut my eyes.

I am afraid he was dreadfully frightened, and he wanted to go for help, but I would not let him.

"I'm quite all right," I said, trying to smile. "It's only . . . oh, I never thought I should ever be so happy again."

I looked up at him—at the face I had once thought so ugly and forbidding, and now was now dearer to me than any other in all the world—and I said with trembling lips:

"I shan't believe that you really love me—if you don't kiss me."

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# Daily Mirror

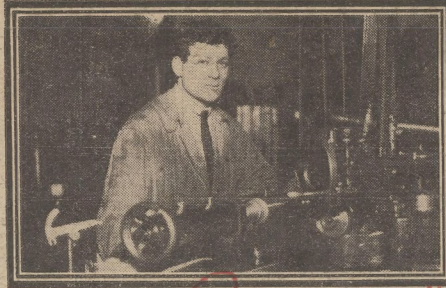
Friday, January 30, 1920.

WANTED IT FOR CURATE.



'Glebe Cottage', Whitkirk, occupied by Sidney Kirkby (inset), an ex-soldier, against whom the Leeds Bench refused an ejectment order to the vicar of Whitkirk, who wanted the house for his curate.

WORK AS CUP-TIE TRAINING.



Goodman, the Tottenham Hotspur full-back, at work on his lathe at an engineering works at Walthamstow.

ALLEGED SILK THEFT.



William Collis (left) and Edward Wicks in the dock at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when they were charged in connection with the theft of two thousand pounds' worth of silk from Portsea Mews, Cammidge-square.



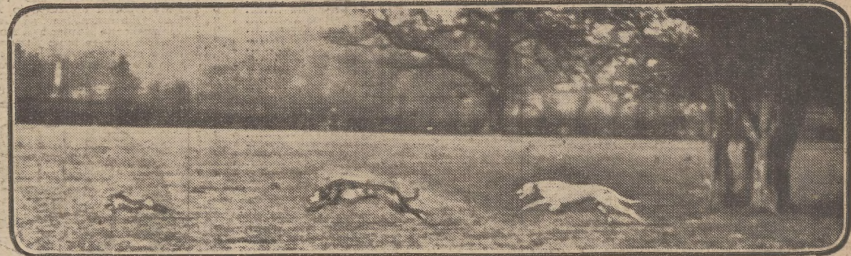
The 'Spurs' believe that the best Cup-tie training is to carry out their daily work. Rance (left) is a draughtsman and Clay (right) a bricklayer.



**NEW SERIAL TO-MORROW.**—Mr. Sidney Warwick, one of our most distinguished younger novelists, whose serial, "The Way of a Woman," will begin in The Daily Mirror to-morrow.



**INCIDENT OUTSIDE THEATRE.**—Mr. Walter C. Pitt, who is in "Baby Bunting," has been charged with assaulting a woman.



A heat for the Abercorn Cup. Mr. Oscar Asche's Over Again is leading Mr. Pitkin's Fire Flame. Over Again eventually secured his hare.—(Daily Mirror-photograph.)



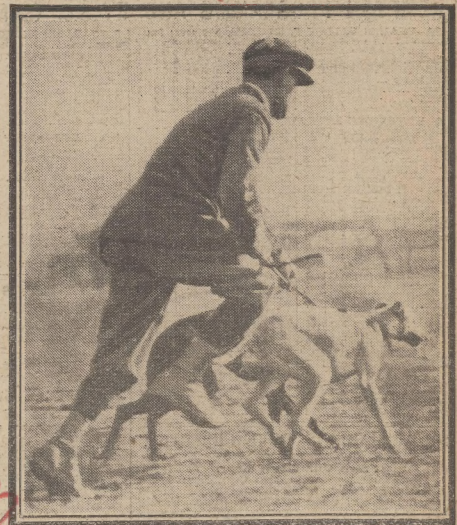
**FULFILLING HIS PROMISE.**—Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who is assisting Mr. Palmer, the Independent candidate at the Wrekin by-election, occupies his spare moments by an exhaustive search for a "White Hope."



Mrs. Fitch, with Sergeant Davidson, best man at her wedding.



Charles, who is in the Royal Artillery, with his regiment, the 1st Buffs, at the Nisi Prius Court, Dublin, where charges of misconduct with Pte. Fitch's wife were described as "ridiculous."



Mr. W. Smith, the slipper, at work.

**COURSING.**—The Southern Counties Coursing Club held a successful meeting at Cheddington yesterday. The bright weather tempted a number of spectators.